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MARIA, THE ORPHAN. OR THE FORCE OF PRINCIPLE. BY A LADY OF THE COUNTRY.

A funeral procession passed slowly up Tremont street, and entered the venerable burial-place attached to the Stone Chapel. There were deposited the remains of Mrs. Lawrence, and with them the pecuniary dependence of two orphan daughters.

Mrs. Lawrence, until a year previous to her death, had lived in the greatest opulence; but, unfortunately, her husband became surety for a friend to a large amount, which he was obliged to redeem. This, added to many other losses, left him with a comparatively small pittance for himself and family. This blow was too great for him. What! give up his fine residence, his splendid furniture and carriage, and come down to the vulgar method of living? Not he could not—he would not—and the grief occasioned by this change in his fortunes soon caused his death.

His wife bore her trials with christian-like fortitude. With the small annuity which she possessed, she found an agreeable home in the family of a distant relative. She devoted her time to the improvement of her eldest daughter Elizabeth, and in watching the unfolding beauties of her little rose-bud, as she fondly termed Maria.

The struggle of a noble-soul, contending against affliction, is often too great for its frail tenement. With Mrs. Lawrence the cord which had been too tightly strung, snapped suddenly asunder; its ethereal tones still thrilling the hearts of its auditors.

The family with whom Mr. Lawrence resided kindly offered to take charge of Elizabeth (now nine years of age), and bestow on her a good education. But Maria—who would supply the place of a mother to her? No one seemed inclined to take the care of a child two years old.

How ephemeral the friends of the present day! They flutter around the glare and splendor of wealth, and bask in its sunshine; but extinguish its blazonry, and where are they? Like the insect they personate, they fly to some new illumination, and are seen no more.

Accordingly, none offered to supply the place of mother to Maria, until Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who had been befriended by Mrs. Lawrence in her days of prosperity, and were distantly related, came forward. They resided about thirty miles from Boston.

"I will be but a poor place for a gentleman's daughter," said Mrs. Harris; "but perhaps when she gets bigger, some of her Boston relations will make a lady of her."

Maria was happy in her new home. Aside in the wagon was as agreeable as a carriage. Aunt Hannah's turn over and little cake on baking day pleased her as well as the rich confectionary her mamma used to give her. The checked linen frock in summer, the red and blue worsted in winter, were quite as comfortable as the satin and mink to which she had been accustomed; and though she said, "suck! suck! aunt Hannah," when the coarse woollen stockings were put on her delicate little feet, she soon forgot it, looking at the boys as they coasted down the steep hill at the back of aunt Harris's house.

In childhood, the country seems peculiarly adapted to the unfolding capacities. The youthful exuberance of spirits has free scope. All nature, animal and vegetable, bursting into life and activity, appears to coincide with the expanding mind better than the confined limits of the city.

Maria's growth was remarkably forward. She pursued her studies at the district school, from books furnished by her sister Elizabeth, who regularly made a long visit at aunt Hannah's in the summer season, and imparted all the knowledge her sister's mind could receive. These visits proved of great benefit to Maria, who, though unacquainted with the city life, was an elegant little girl, and readily distinguished from any child in the village.

No change occurred in Maria's situation, until the summer in which she completed her eleventh year. During the recess of her school, one fine afternoon in August, a splendid summer vehicle leisurely passed the school-house. The children with one accord, dropped their most profound courtesies, when a joyful cry of "sister Elizabeth! sister Elizabeth!" caused the carriage to stop. A gentleman alighted and inquired for Miss Lawrence. Maria ran hastily forward, and in a few moments was seated by her sister.

After a mutual interchange of affection between the sisters, Elizabeth introduced to Maria Mr. Arthur Ellingwood as her brother. Maria's surprise, at first, overcame her natural politeness, but soon re-

covering herself, she greeted him with her sweetest smiles, and imprinted a kiss on his cheek, which was warmly reciprocated.

"O, sister, why did you not come before? My roses all bloomed and faded, without you having one; my strawberry bed was loaded with the finest fruit, but they all decayed. I would not touch one till you came. Then I picked and picked whorleberries until I was tired. I don't know how many times I have gathered fresh bushes and flowers to adorn your favorite little chamber—but 'twas all in vain—Aunt Hannah had a letter from Boston the other day, but would not tell me the contents."

"The very counterpart of yourself, sweet Elizabeth," said Arthur, "artless and unsophisticated."

The conversation was interrupted by their arrival at Mr. Harris's, and the greetings of aunt Harris were long and loud.

"You've got a sweet critter for your wife, Mr. Ellingwood," said she, "so clever and obligin'." And so your going to carry off my Maria!"

"Oh! I'm going to Boston! I'm going to Boston!—am I sister? am I brother?" said she, as in ecstasy she danced round the apartments, but, observing the sober countenance of Aunt Hannah, she said, in a subdued tone, "I hate to leave you, dear aunt; could you go with us, I should be happy."

Maria's dress was arranged as speedily as possible. Mrs. Ellingwood, anticipating the difficulty of procuring suitable clothing in the country, had made her purchases before leaving the city. If Maria looked pretty in her rustic garb, she was certainly beautiful in a more modern and fashionable dress. Her friends gazed on her with admiration, and for the first time in her life, she felt a touch of vanity. Elizabeth noticed it.

"I think," said she, turning to Mrs. Harris, "Maria must carry one dress of your manufacture with her. If the change in her circumstances proves too great for her young mind, a reference to this may be beneficial."

"Thank you for the hint, dear sister," said Maria; "a dress will not be necessary to remind me of kind friends, and the happy days I've passed here. Yet I should be happy to have one."

"Ah! dear child," you know nothing what kind of a place you're going to. I've been to Boston twice in my life, and I was so confused that I did not now what to do. Like as not you would be ashamed of me, if I should go to see you."

Oh, never, dear aunt; ashamed of my earliest friend!"

The time of departure at length arrived. Maria was delighted with the novelty of her situation. She combined much brilliant wit and good sense, (a case of rare occurrence by the way,) and her remarks drew many a smile from her kind brother and sister. To provide for Maria was a favorite project with them. As soon as practicable after marriage, they had conducted her to her new abode. She was placed under the care of private tutors until sufficiently advanced to enter school on an equal footing with young ladies of her own age, whom she rapidly outstripped in the solid and ornamental branches.

The sun strove in vain to pierce the murky atmosphere of the city; the lone pavement echoed the footfall of some solitary pedestrian; the occasional clatter of window-shutters, the rattling of bakers' and milkmen's carts; the lazy smoke curling sluggishly from the towering chimneys, indicated that the inhabitants would soon arouse from their slumbers, and pursue their daily avocations.

Ere the city had assumed the appearance of life and activity, a covered wagon drove to the door of Mr. Ellingwood, and the feeble tinkle of a bell brought a servant to the door.

"Is Mr. Ellingwood at home?"

"Home! yes—but won't be up this hour. You can come down to the kitchen fire to warm, if you will wait till he's up."

"Well, I'll get my wife first. Won't you help me out of the wagon with this ere kag and trunk?"

The servant staid; but thinking something had been ordered from the country, assented.

"There, wife, you go into the house, this man will show you a fire while I put Betty up to some stable."

The woman remained in the entry a long time ere the servant again made his appearance; then with a scornful glance, he inquired "what she wanted."

"Want! I want to see Miss Ellingwood or Maria. I'm cold in the bargain, and want to go to a fire."

"Yes'm," said the servant, rather more respectfully; and opening a door, discovered Maria at a table covered with drawing materials. Maria ran hastily forward:

"Why, aunt Hannah, how do you do! When did you arrive?"

"O dear me! I'm so tired and chilled, I don't know what to do. We started long enough afore day-light this morning."

Maria rang the bell and ordered tea, with accompaniments.

"I believe you never drink coffee, aunt; breakfast for the family will not be ready this long time; I rise very early to improve in drawing."

"Early! why, I've had my breakfast, and cleared it all away afore sunrise, all this winter."

"Should you not like to go up stairs now?" said Maria, when Mrs. Harris had despatched her breakfast.

"Lod a marey! how many stairs you have got, all carpeted, too! why, it seems as if I could pick them are roses off, and smell on em. Pray Maria, what are them black men holding them chains for?"

"They are bronze images, aunt, placed in niches to receive them. Lamps are placed in those chains; and they are used to light the entry and staircase."

Maria tapped gently at her sister's door, and announced Mrs. Harris.

"You arrived early, said Mrs. Ellingwood, after the usual salutations.

"Yes, yes. You know I'm bright and early. My husband had a lot of apples and sarsaparilla to sell; we thought if they would sell here, 'twould pay for carting, so we concluded to kill two birds with one stone, and come together. 'Tis eighteen years since I was here. You want bigger, Miss Ellenwood, than my Lucy, who'll be five next June. I s'pose there are a great many new things to be seen, and Maria, I s'pose you know all the way about."

The blood tinged Maria's neck and face; and she exchanged glances with her sister, but made no other reply than—"I shall be very happy to make aunt Harris pass the time agreeably."

"Yes, yes. I knew you would—my husband thought like enough you would be ashamed of us; but I told him you was dreadfully altered then, for you went all round our town last summer, and called on all your old acquaintances."

"Ah!" thought Maria, "I shall have to survey that dress of my childhood many times this week. Mrs. Harris little thinks of the difference between our city and her native village."

"What a nice baby you've got, Miss Ellenwood. Pooty creetur, what has aunt got for it, dear?" said Mrs. Harris, extracting a huge nut cake from her reticule.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Ellingwood, "I do not allow her to eat solid food—she is only eight months old."

"La! I always fed my babies at three months sarsaparilla. I forgot to tell you I brought you a kag of June butter; 'tis as yellow as your marigolds used to be, Maria."

"Just like yourself, aunt Hannah, always making presents," said Mrs. Ellingwood.

Mrs. Harris declined going down to breakfast. "She could amuse herself nicely by looking out of the window," she said.

Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria were placed in a sad dilemma. Maria was now seventeen, and in conjunction with her sister, had issued cards of invitation for a large party, the ensuing Thursday.

To recall them was impossible; to get rid of their warm-hearted though uneducated visitors, was equally hopeless. What could be done? Her remarks would attract attention, and the stamp of having a herd of vulgar relations, be impressed on them by their numerous acquaintances. Mr. Ellingwood would be mortified—Henry Williams, who had solicited Maria's hand in vain, would exult—and one, dearer to Maria than all others, would be present to see, and perhaps hear them.

There was ample time to arrange Mrs. Harris' dress, and if Maria could delicately intimate the impropriety of making remarks, all would, perhaps, pass off well in the crowd. Mrs. Harris, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria, walked from one apartment to the other, made absurd remarks on all she saw; offered to wash up the dishes, or any thing in the world, that would help; and when entreated to sit down would say, "Marry, no! I'm so used to stirrin about, I should go fast to sleep; besides, there is so much passing, I should keep jumping up all the time to look out."

The eventful evening for the party at last arrived. The company, a most beautiful assemblage, met in rooms splendidly furnished and brilliantly lighted.

All passed off well for a time, and Mrs. Ellingwood and Maria were inwardly congratulating themselves, when Mr. Harris, finding his quid troublesome, and seeing no convenience for depositing it (the rooms being heated by a furnace) rose and walked to a window filled with the rarest exotics. Here he espied a porcupine with its hyacinth quills just peeping forth, (then an object of much

curiosity,) which served his purpose nicely. It would have passed off unobserved, had not Mrs. Harris exclaimed, "Why, Joseph, Maria won't thank you for spitting her flowers all over."

"I only spit in that green thing filled with rushes," said Mr. Harris. The buzz ceased. The tones of voices so discordant, produced a death-like silence. Mrs. Ellingwood preserved her equanimity, and by the timely aid of friends, the company was restored to its wonted tone, when Mrs. Harris suddenly jumped up and said,

"Miss Ellingwood, shan't I blow out some of these lamps? I reckon 'tis a pity to waste so much ile."

Mrs. Ellingwood had refreshments announced immediately, and led the way to the refectory. This movement spared her the mortification of observing the general titter which prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, not being acquainted with the rules of precedence, made their way as fast as possible, and though Maria endeavored to keep them back, they seemed the more anxious "to see what was going on," as they said, to the manifest discomfiture of satin and gauze.

To gaze at the table was excusable; loaded with every delicacy of the season, sparkling with the richest plate and cut glass, which reflected back the numerous lights, till all seemed lost in brilliancy, an assemblage of youth and beauty fashionably dressed, and in the gayest spirits imaginable; the delicious strains of music, which ever and anon burst on the ears, would rivet the attention of those long accustomed to such scenes; as for Mr. and Mrs. Harris, good souls, they thought themselves in fairy land, and did not dare speak, till Maria presented Mrs. Harris with an ice, which caused her to ejaculate,

"Why, Maria, child, hav'nt you got over your old trick of eating frozen milk? don't you remember how you used to sly into the dairy and get it to eat? 'Tis the worst thing in the world for the cholic."

Poor Maria! she was thunderstruck. A general smile ran round the apartment, save where some benevolent countenance manifested the utmost pity for Maria. At length Maria came forward:

"I deem it due to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, to state, that to them I was indebted for a home in my childhood. When thrown an orphan on the wide world for protection, they kindly nourished me like an own child; and though to you, dear brother," said she, laying her hand on his arm, "I am under obligations for my present advantages, for an introduction to the refinements of life, to the flowery paths of literature, and the mysteries of science; though you have opened a new world to my view, my gratitude to each of you is unbounded, and equally strong. Yes! the reminiscences of my childhood are among the most pleasing of my recollections, and memory binds them still closer, when beholding the heartlessness of many friendships since contracted."

Admiration filled the hearts of all present. They despised their own littleness, and even gazed with pleasure on the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who looked extremely bewildered at finding themselves thus publicly noticed.

Why did Maurice Stanwood gaze so fondly at Maria that evening, as she glided about, imparting happiness to all around her? Why did he listen so intently as she accompanied the piano with her clear, musical voice? Why did he linger by her side till the last carriage rolled from the door, and then reluctantly took his departure? He had long been secretly attached to Maria, but having frequently declared he would ascertain the disposition of his intended wife previous to marriage, he had delayed his proposals, "though the powerful artillery of the eye, and the thousand nameless signs in love's progress, had expressed as much, nay, even more, than words could possibly have done."

Mr. and Mrs. Harris remained a week in the city, and were delighted with Maria's attention, who showed them every thing of note in the city, from the State House to the menagerie. They returned home, loaded with presents for their little ones, and an invitation to make an annual visit.

In the course of a few months, Maurice Stanwood and Maria were united. They made a visit every summer to uncle Joseph and aunt Hannah, to whom Maurice declared himself indebted, in part, for his sweet wife; justly remarking that the seeds of benevolence and ingenuousness sown in her breast, would not have vegetated so luxuriantly in a city atmosphere.

Maria still preserves the dress worn in childhood, and when tempted to cherish affection and pride, finds a check in viewing this talisman. She takes great pleasure in improving and training the manners of the little Harrie's, one of whom she keeps constantly with her.

Mr. Graham's Circular.

We have, says the Raleigh Register, been favored with a copy of a Circular Letter, just issued by James Graham, esq., to his constituents of the 12th congressional district. Mr. G. has a style peculiar to himself—a style which by its ease and nervousness, is admirably adapted for impressing his home-truths on the public mind. Mr. G. devotes a considerable portion of his letter to the subject of the Public Lands—than which none can possess greater interest for the people of North Carolina—and after tracing the rise and progress of this fountain of wealth to the country, and exhibiting the constantly accumulating revenue from this source, thus proceeds:—

During the last year (1836) the sales amounted to the enormous sum of upwards of twenty four millions of dollars; more than one half of all the revenue of the United States. Now we clearly perceive that this momentous question rises in importance and interest every year. Is there a man who has a North Carolina head on his shoulders, or a native North Carolinian's heart in his bosom, who can betray his mother-land, and see her people robbed and plundered annually of her just and equitable share of twenty four millions of dollars? Shall our venerable parents be stripped of their own property to soothe and to satisfy the murmuring and avaricious wants of their spoiled children? Shall the people of the old states be continually taxed to provide comfortable and sumptuous livings for the settlers and speculators of the new states? Why did you tax yourselves last fall with the labour of ploughing and sowing your grain? Because you expected them, and hope now, in due season, to reap a rich harvest. I verily believe you are as much entitled to your share of the money arising from the sale of the public lands, as you are entitled to the crop now growing which you sowed last autumn. I know there are wire-drawers, hair-splitters, and spider spinners, who endeavor to persuade the people by a sort of metaphysical, theoretical, nonsensical reasoning, that North Carolina is not entitled, and should not receive any portion of property, either land or money, from the general government. The footstep of these politicians all lead one way, and point to their own interest. According to their creed out-come is right, and income is wrong; that is, get all you can, and hold all you can get from the pockets of the people. This is a safe game to gambling and speculating politicians; heads, the officers win; tails, the people loose. You and I, fellow citizens, have no confidence in such oblique and circuitous arguments. Such persons spin their thread too fine for every-day use; we want something more practical and substantial. Why should the people not have the use of their own money? In the course of human affairs and legislative proceedings, we cannot always obtain perfect equality: but let us endeavor to approach it as near as practicable; and if we cannot get an exact division weighed out in golden scales, let us take and accept as much as we can get, for surely "half a loaf is better than no bread." Those who wish to sacrifice and give away the public land to the settlers and speculators in the new states, pretend their object is to benefit the poor. That argument is plausible, not solid; and those who are the people's flatterers, but not their friends, often use and urge it. I have always thought "charity ought to begin at home," and I cannot consent to tax and rob the poor of North Carolina, in order to enrich the poor of the new states: let us do equal justice to the people and the poor in every part of the Union; but not sacrifice the interest of one portion of the country for the benefit of another. This delusive argument very forcibly reminds me of a man who takes and tolls along an innocent lamb licking salt out of his hand to the slaughter pen; and after it is secured, the innocent victim pays a bloody forfeit. The people are too often salted to get their money; and the poor man's name is too often used to fill the rich speculator's pocket. The man who is really in works, as well as words, the friend of the poor, deserves the respect and esteem of all good men. Charitable works are truly worthy of imitation and all praise. But have a care—beware of the outside of fairness and inside of fraud; the bait is often presented, while the hook within is carefully concealed. I hope, and sincerely hope, that every friend of truth, of justice, of equal rights, and of the future prosperity of North Carolina, will give this subject his undivided attention, and compel public men to unmask themselves, and state distinctly and truly their views and opinions on this great question. Our venerable commonwealth had been long treated by the general government as a

step-child, and as the Ireland of America. When and where have we received our equal proportion of the high appointments, and large appropriations from the United States? I ask nothing for North Carolina, that I am not willing to give to other states; but, I do ask and demand that much, and I never will be contented with any thing less.

"The man who will not provide for his household, is worse than an infidel;" and the public agent who will not demand and try to obtain equal justice for his state and constituents, is guilty of infidelity to the state, and ingratitude to the people; and deserves,

"To go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and ununged."

A bill was presented and passed the house of which I was a member, to deposit the surplus revenue among the states in proportion to the number of representatives and senators from each state; and I regret to add that this same bill was rejected and lost in the Senate. The House and the Senate are at issue; and an appeal is now taken to the highest tribunal in this country, for the final decision of a free people. The inquiry is, what shall be done with a large surplus of public money in the general treasury? At this time the public money, and an immense surplus, is deposited in the state banks, who are using it, and making large profits by lending the people their own money. Now, shall the banks and the politicians have the use and profitable interest, of twenty millions of surplus public money; or, shall the states and people have it? That's the question. Public money should be public property, and not converted to private bank stockholders. I and a considerable majority of the House thought (and so voted), that after paying the necessary expenses of the government and reserving five millions besides for unforeseen contingencies, all the remaining surplus money in the treasury, consisting of about twenty millions of dollars, ought to be divided and deposited with the several states, (and not the banks) for the use and benefit of the people. That part of this excess which was got by the high tariff, ought never to have been collected; and I wish I could return and give back every dollar of this vast surplus to the people from whom it was unjustly taken, and of which they were robbed under the form and colour of law. But, this cannot be done. It is now impossible, and therefore I will, so far as I can, restore it to the next friend and immediate representatives of the people, the state legislatures, to apply and expend the money in every state in such manner as the people thereof may direct. Congress should perform its duty, and render unto the people an act of justice by giving them the use of their own money. During the long session of 1836, Congress passed just such a law for one year, depositing with the state legislatures a large surplus of public money; and North Carolina has, or will receive nearly two millions of dollars out of that fund. A large number of members, who voted last year for the deposite law, this year voted against it, and used all sorts of arguments that left handed logic can devise to justify their "two ways," and strive to make the worst appear the better cause. Let them take which horn of the dilemma they please; still, I say, if they were right one time, they were wrong the other. Natural justice says, the same reason should give the same laws. The revenue laws have not been altered so as to diminish the amount of surplus money. All the former fountains and streams that filled and overflowed the national treasury heretofore, are still open and running; and seven millions besides, which is now due and payable from the old United States Bank. The same reasons therefore exist now, that did last year, for the passage of the deposite law, giving the people some interest and share in the overflowing and spillings of the treasury.

My opinion is, that splendid schemes and extravagant administrations do not correspond with the plain simplicity, and true liberty of a republican people. The nature and tendency of such measures are to oppress and impoverish the citizens; to mislead and corrupt the officers and agents of government; to create a continual scuffle and scramble for the loaves and fishes, and to divert the minds and attention of members from the true and limited objects of the general government, which are specified and enumerated in the constitution.

With regard to the new administration, and its coming acts under the presidency of Mr. Van Buren, I say let them be judged by its measures. Whatever may be right, I will approve and support with pleasure; and whatever may be wrong, I will fearlessly oppose and condemn. I am no man's man. I am for my country and republican principles: for equal rights, the liberty of the people, and the union of the states.

You well remember, fellow citizens, how I was harassed and tempest-tost on my last political pilgrimage. Twelve months ago, my winter at Washington was a very thing but pleasant; and last summer at home, I passed through a fiery ordeal. I thank Providence and the people for the triumphant vindication of the rights of freedom; and that they "made the winter of my discontent glorious summer." My generous constituents have thus imposed upon me long and lasting obligations of gratitude.

"They have been, to my humble merits, very kind, and to my numerous faults a little blind."

I have one single rule for the regulation of my conduct; and I never expect to learn any other. That is: Hear the whole truth; and then do justice.

Integrity, intelligence, and independence should constitute the beginning, the middle, and the end of all legislative action. That spark of divinity implanted in the bosom of every human being, called conscience, teaches and satisfies me, that my intentions were good. The public acts which have flowed from them, I submit to the judgment and decision of an intelligent and magnanimous people. I trust my actions may be as well received as the intentions which dictated them were pure and patriotic; and that our common country may long enjoy the blessings of that liberty which was wrung from a tyrant's grasp, conferred upon freemen, and baptised in the blood of our revolutionary fathers.

I am again a candidate to represent you in the next Congress.

Respectfully presented,
JAMES GRAHAM.

Mr. Webster's Speech.

The following is the concluding portion of a speech delivered by Mr. Webster, at Nibbs's Saloon, in the city of New York, on the 15th of last month.

And now, gentlemen, I ask you, and I ask all men who have not voluntarily surrendered all power and all right of thinking for themselves, whether, from 1832 to the present moment, the executive authority has not effectually superseded the power of Congress, thwarted the will of the representatives of the people, and even of the people themselves, and taken the whole subject of the currency into its own grasp? In 1832 Congress desired to continue the Bank of the United States, and a majority of the people desired it also; but the President opposed it, and his will prevailed. In 1833 Congress refused to remove the depositories; the President resolved upon it, however, and his will prevailed. Congress has never been willing to make a bank, founded on the money and credit of the government, and administered, of course, by executive hands; but this was the President's object, and he attained it, in a great measure, by the treasury selection of the deposite banks. In this particular, therefore, to a great extent his will prevailed. In 1836 Congress refused to confine the receipts for public lands to gold and silver; but the President willed it, and his will prevailed. In 1837, both houses of Congress, by more than two-thirds, passed a bill for restoring the former state of things, by annulling the Treasury Order; but the President willed, notwithstanding, that the order should remain in force, and his will again prevailed. I repeat the question, therefore, and I would put seriously to every intelligent man, to every lover of our constitutional liberty—are we under the dominion of the law? or has the effectual government of the country, at least in all that regards the greatest interest of the currency, been in a single hand?

Gentlemen, I have done with the narrative of events and measures. I have done with the history of these successive steps in the progress of Executive power, toward complete control over the revenue and currency.

The result is now all before us. These pretended reforms, these extraordinary exercises of power from an extraordinary zeal for the good of the people,—what have they brought us to?

In 1829, the currency was declared to be neither sound nor uniform; a proposition, in my judgment altogether at variance with the fact, because I do not believe there ever was a country of equal extent, in which paper formed any part of the circulation, that possessed a currency so sound, so uniform, so convenient, and so perfect in all respects, as the currency of this country, at the moment of the delivery of that message in 1829.

But how is it now? Where has the improvement brought it? What has reform done? What has the great cry for hard money accomplished? Is the currency uniform now? Is money in New Orleans now as good, or nearly so, as money in New York? Are exchanges at par, or only at the same low rates as in 1829 and other years? Every one here knows that all the benefits of this experiment are but injury and oppression; all this reform but aggravated distress.

And as to the soundness of the currency, how does that stand? Are the causes of alarm less now than 1829? Is there less bank paper in circulation? Is there less fear of a general catastrophe? Is property more secure, or industry more certain of its reward? We all know, gentlemen, that during all this pretended warfare against all banks, banks have vastly increased. Millions upon millions of bank paper have been added to the circulation. Every where, and no where so much as where the present administration, and its measures, have been most zealously supported, banks have multiplied under state authority, since the decree was made that the Bank of the United States should be suffered to expire. Look at Mississippi, Missouri, Louisiana, Virginia, and other states. Do we not see that banking capital and bank paper are enormously increasing? The opposition to banks, therefore, so much professed, whether it be real, or whether it be but pretended, has not restrained ei-

ther their number or their issues of paper. Both have vastly increased.

And now—a word or two, gentlemen, upon this hard money scheme, and the fancies and delusions to which it has given birth. Gentlemen, this is a subject of delicacy, and one which it is difficult to treat with sufficient caution, in a popular and occasional address like this. I profess to be a bullionist, in the usual and accepted sense of the word. I am for a solid specie basis for our circulation, as far as it may be practicable and convenient. I am for giving no value to paper, merely as paper. I abhor paper; that is to say, irredeemable paper, paper that may not be convertible into gold or silver at the will of the holder. But while I hold to all this, I believe also that an exclusive gold and silver circulation is an utter impossibility in the present state of this country, and of the world. We shall none of us ever see it; and it is credulity and folly, in my opinion, to act under any such hope or expectation. The states will make banks, and these will issue paper; and the longer the government of the United States neglects its duty in regard to measures for regulating the currency, the greater will be the amount of bank paper overspreading the country. Of this I entertain not a particle of doubt.

While I thus hold to the absolute and indispensable necessity of gold and silver, as the foundation of our circulation, I yet think nothing more absurd and preposterous than unnatural and strained efforts to import specie. There is but so much specie in the world, and its amount cannot be greatly or suddenly increased.—Indeed there are reasons for supposing that its amount has recently diminished, by the quantity used in manufactures, and by the diminished products of the mines. The existing amount of specie, however, must support the paper circulations, and systems of the currency, not of the United States only, but of other nations also. One of its great uses is to pass from country to country, for the purpose of settling occasional balances in commercial transactions. It always finds its way, naturally and easily, to places where it is needed for these uses. But to take extraordinary pains to bring it, where the course of trade does not bring it, where the state of debt and credit does not require it to be, and then to endeavor, by other regulations, treasury orders, accumulations at the mint, and other contrivances, there to retain it, is a course of policy bordering, as it appears to me, on political insanity.

It is boasted that we have seventy-five or eighty millions of specie now in the country. But what more senseless, what more absurd than this boast, if there is a balance against us abroad, of which payment is desired, sooner than remittances of our own products are likely to make that payment? What more miserable than to boast of having that which is not ours,—which belongs to others, and which the convenience of others, and our own convenience also, require that they should possess? If Boston were in debt to N. York, would it be wise in Boston, instead of paying its debt, to contrive all possible means of obtaining specie from the New York Banks, and hoarding it at home? And yet this, as I think, would be precisely as sensible as the course which the government of the United States at present pursues.

We have, without all doubt, a great amount of specie in the country, but it does not answer its accustomed end, it does not perform its proper duty. It neither goes abroad to settle balances against us, and thereby quiet those who have demands upon us; nor is it so disposed of at home, as to sustain the circulation, to the extent which the circumstances of the times require. A great part of it is in the western banks, in the land offices, on the roads through the wilderness, on the passages over the lakes, from the land offices to the deposite banks, and from the deposite banks back to the land offices. Another portion is in the hands of buyers and sellers of specie; of men in the west, who sell land office money to the new settlers for a high premium. Another portion, again, is kept in private hands, to be used when circumstances shall tempt to the purchase of lands. And, gentlemen, I am inclined to think, so loud has been the cry about hard money, and so sweeping the denunciation of all paper, that private holding, or hoarding prevails to some extent, in different parts of the country. These eighty millions of specie, therefore, really do us little good. We are weaker in our circulation, I have no doubt, our credit is feebler, money is scarcer with us, at this moment, than if twenty millions of this specie were shipped to Europe, and general confidence thereby restored.

Gentlemen, I will not say that some degree of pressure might not have come upon us, if the treasury order had not been issued. I will not say, that there has not been over-trading, and over-production, and a too great expansion of bank circulation. This may all be so, and the last mentioned evil it was easy to foresee was likely to happen, when the United States discontinued their own bank. But what I do say is, that acting upon the state of things as it actually existed, and is now actually existing, the treasury order has been and now is, productive of great distress. It acts upon a state of things which gives extraordinary point to its sting. It arrests specie when the free use and circulation of specie are most

important; it cripples the banks at a moment when the banks more than ever need all their means. It makes the merchant unable to remit, when remittance is necessary for his own credit, and for the general adjustment of commercial balances.

I am not now discussing the general question, whether prices must not come down, and adjust themselves anew, to the amount of bullion existing in Europe and America. I am dealing only with the measures of our own government, on the subject of the currency, and I insist that these measures have been most unfortunate, and most ruinous on the ordinary means of our circulation, at home, and on our ability of remittance abroad.

Their effects, too, by deranging and misplacing the specie, which is in the country, are most disastrous on domestic exchanges. Let him who has lent an ear to all those promises of a more uniform currency, see how he can now sell his draft on New Orleans, or Mobile. Let the northern manufacturers and mechanics, those who have sold the products of their labour to the South, and heretofore realized the prices, with little loss of exchange, let them try present facilities. Let them see what reform of the currency has done for them. Let them inquire, whether in this respect their condition is better or worse than it was five or six years ago.

Gentlemen, I hold this disturbance of the measure of value, and the means of payment, and exchange, this derangement, and, if I may so say, this violation of the currency, to be one of the most unpardonable of political faults. He who tampers with the currency, robs labor of its bread. He panders, indeed, to greedy capital, which is keen-sighted, and may shift for itself; but he beggars labor, which is honest, unsuspecting, and too busy with the present to calculate on the future. The prosperity of the working classes, lives, moves and has its being in established credit, and a steady medium of payment. All sudden changes destroy it. Honest industry never comes in for any part of the spoils in that scramble which takes place, when the currency of a country is disordered. Did wild schemes and projects ever benefit the industrious? Did irredeemable bank paper ever enrich the laborious? Did violent fluctuations ever do good to him, who depends on his daily labour for his daily bread? Certainly never. All these things may gratify greediness for sudden gain, or the rashness of daring speculation; but they can bring nothing but injury and distress to the homes of patient industry and honest labor.

Who are they that profit by the present state of things? They are not the many, but the few. They are speculators, brokers, dealers in money, and lenders of "money," at exorbitant interest. Small capitalists are crushed, and their means, being dispersed, as usual, in various parts of the country, and this miserable policy having destroyed exchanges, they have no longer either money or credit. And all classes of labor partake and must partake in the same calamity. And what consolation for all this? Is it that the public lands are paid for in specie? That whatever embarrassment and distress pervade the country, the western wilderness is thickly sprinkled over with eagles and dollars? That gold goes weekly from Milwaukee and Chicago to Detroit, and back again from Detroit to Milwaukee and Chicago, and performs similar feats of egress and regress in many instances in the western states? It is remarkable enough; that with all this sacrifice of general convenience, with all this sky-rocketing clamor for government payments in specie, government after all, never gets a dollar. So far as I know, the United States have not now a single specie dollar in the world. If they have, where is it? The gold and silver collected at the land offices is sent to the deposite banks, it is there placed to the credit of the government, and thereby becomes the property of the bank. The whole revenues of the government, therefore, after all, consist in mere bank credits; that very sort of security which the friends of the administration have so much denounced.

Remember, gentlemen, in the midst of this deafening din against all Banks, that if it shall create such a panic, or such alarm, as shall shut up the Banks, it will shut up the treasury of the United States also.

Gentlemen, I would not willingly be a prophet of ill. I most devoutly wish to see a better state of things; and I believe the repeal of the treasury order would tend very much to bring about that better state of things. And I am of opinion, gentlemen, that the order will be repealed. I think it must be repealed. I think the East, West, North and South will demand its repeal. But, gentlemen, I feel it my duty to say, that if I should be disappointed in this expectation, I see no immediate relief to the distresses of the community. I greatly fear, even, that the worst is not yet. I look for severer distress—for extreme difficulties in exchange—for far greater inconvenience in remittance—and for a sudden fall of prices. Our condition is one which is not to be tampered with, and the repeal of the treasury order being something which government can do, and which will do good, the public voice is right in demanding that repeal. It is true if repealed now, the relief will come late. Nevertheless, its repeal or abrogation is

a thing to be insisted on, and pursued, it shall be accomplished.

This executive control over the currency, this power of discriminating, by treasury order, between one man's debt and another man's debt, is a thing not to be endured in a free country; and it should be the constant, persisting demand of all true Whigs—"rescind the illegal treasury order, restore the rule of the law, place all branches of the revenue on the same grounds, as to the means of payment, make men's rights equal, and leave the government of the country where the constitution leaves it, in the hands of the representatives of the people in congress." This point should never be surrendered or compromised. Whatever is established, let it be equal, let it be legal. Let men know, to-day, what money will be required of them to-morrow. Let the rule be open and public, on the pages of the statute book, not a secret in the executive breast.

Gentlemen, in the session which has now just closed, I have done my utmost to effect a direct and immediate repeal of the Treasury order.

I have voted for a bill, anticipating the payment of the French and Neapolitan indemnifications, by an advance from the Treasury.

I have voted with great satisfaction for the restoration of duties on goods destroyed in the great conflagration in this city.

I have voted for a deposite, with the states, of the surplus which may be in the Treasury at the end of the year. All these measures have failed, and it is for you, and for our fellow citizens throughout the country, to decide whether the public interest would or would not have been promoted by their success.

But I find, gentlemen, that I am committing an unpardonable trespass on your indulgent patience. I will pursue these remarks no farther. And yet I cannot persuade myself to take leave of you, without reminding you, with the utmost deference and respect, of the important part assigned to you in the political concerns of your country, and the great influence of your opinions, your example, and your efforts, upon the general prosperity and happiness.

Whigs of New York! Patriotic citizens of this great metropolis! Lovers of constitutional liberty, bound by interest and affection to the institutions of your country, Americans in heart and in principle! You are ready, I am sure, to fulfil all the duties, imposed upon you by your situation, and demanded of you by your country. You have a central position; your city is the point from which intelligence emanates, and spread in all directions, over the whole land. Every hour carries reports of your sentiments and opinions to the verge of the Union. You cannot escape the responsibility which circumstances have thrown upon you.

You must live and act, on a broad and conspicuous theatre, either for good or for evil to your country. You cannot shrink away from public duties; you cannot obscure yourselves, nor bury your talent. In the common welfare, in the common prosperity, in the common glory of Americans, you have a stake, of value not to be calculated. You have an interest in the preservation of the Union, of the Constitution, and of the true principles of the government, which no man can estimate. You act for yourselves, and for the generations that are to come after you; and those who, ages hence, shall bear your names, and partake your blood, will feel in their political and social condition, the consequences of the manner in which you discharge your political duties.

Having fulfilled then, on your part and on mine, the offices of kindness and mutual regard, required by this occasion, shall we not use it to a higher and nobler purpose? Shall we not by this friendly meeting, refresh our patriotism, rekindle our love of constitutional liberty, and strengthen our resolution of public duty? Shall we not, in all honesty and sincerity, with pure and disinterested love of country, as Americans, looking back to the renown of our ancestors and looking forward to the interests of our prosperity, here, to night, pledge our mutual faith, to hold on, to the last, to our professed principles, to the doctrines of true liberty, and to the Constitution of the country. Let who will prove true, or who will prove recreant? Whigs of New York! I meet you in advance, and give you my pledge, for my own performance of these duties, without qualification and without reserve. Whether in public life or in private life, in the Capitol or at home, I mean never to desert them. I mean never to forget that I have a country, to which I am bound by thousand ties; and the stone which is to lie on the ground that shall cover me, shall not bear the name of a son, ungrateful to his native land.

Mysterious and Shocking Affair at Cincinnati.—An occurrence of a novel and atrocious character recently took place at Cincinnati, which has very naturally caused great excitement in that city. The facts of the case, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, were briefly as follows: In the early part of last month, a Miss Allen, a young lady of exemplary character and a communicant of the Presbyterian church, was returning from singing school, which she was in the habit of attending twice a week, she was accosted by a man on Fifth street, who inquired if her name



From the Churchman.

"THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE."

Be still, be still, for all around,
On either hand, is "holy ground;"
The Lord of hosts himself, to-day,
Is present while his people pray;
Bow down your hearts, and kneel in fear,
In this his temple—God is here.

Bring no vain words, no wishes wild,
That best might suit an earth-born child,
Bid each unholy thought depart,
To heaven lift up a contrite heart;
Forget the world, in faith draw near,
And humbly worship—God is here.

Thou, toss'd upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with dire despair,
Gazing around with eager eye,
And yet no hope of remedy;
Ask thou relief with heart sincere,
And he will list—for God is here.

Thou who hast laid in early grave,
One whom thou hadst no power to save,
And who art vainly yearning now
For that soft smile and placid brow;
Perchance that much-loved form is near,
For angels wait when God is here.

Thou who hast long a wanderer been,
Roaming through many a distant scene,
Far from thy home, thy household hearth,
From all kind looks, all social mirth:
Offer thy thanks, with heart sincere,
Singing grateful praises—God is here.

Thou who hast dear ones far away,
On swelling seas, mid blinding spray,
Or in some distant lands alone,
Exposed to ill, are journeying on;
Pray for their welfare, dry the tear,
And trust the God who lieth here.

Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploping guilt that reigns within,
Seeking for higher joys than those
The wretched worldling only knows;
The God of peace is ever near
The contrite spirit bending here.

Be still, be still, for all around,
On either hand, is "holy ground;"
Here in his house, the Lord, to-day,
Will listen while his people pray;
Bow down your hearts, and kneel in fear,
In this his temple—God is here.

M. N. M.

The following incident, illustrating a beautiful passage of Scripture, we think we published some years ago; but we have many new subscribers who have probably not seen it, and it may be useful to our older ones, in again awakening their attention to the sublime beauties of a book with which few of us are sufficiently familiar.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi; and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." MALACHI 3.

The following story (I know not on whose authority) is abroad in the religious world. Some ladies in Dublin, who met together from time to time at each other's houses, to read the scriptures and to make them the subject of profitable conversation, when they came to the third chapter of the prophecy of Malachi, they had some discussion over the second and third verses, respecting the manner of purifying the precious metals. As none of the company knew any thing about the process, one undertook to inquire of a silversmith, with whom she was acquainted, how it was effected, and particularly what was the business of the refiner himself during the operation. Without explaining her motive, she accordingly went to her friend, and asked him how the silver was cleared from any gross with which it might have been mixed. He promptly explained to her the manner of doing this; "But," said the inquirer, "do you sit, sir, at the work?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "for I must keep my eyes steadily fixed on the furnace, since, if the silver remain too long under the intense heat, it is sure to be damaged." She saw at once the beauty and the propriety of the image employed—"He shall sit as a refiner of silver;" and the moral of the illustration was equally obvious. As the lady was returning with the information to her expecting companions, the silversmith called her back, and said he had forgotten to mention one thing of importance, which was, that he only knew the exact instant when the purifying process was complete by then seeing his own countenance in it. Again the spiritual meaning shone forth through the beautiful veil of the letter. When God sees his own image in his people, the work of sanctification is complete. It may be added, that the metal continues in a state of agitation till all the impurities are thrown off, and then it becomes quite still; a circumstance which heightens the exquisite analogy in this case; for oh, how

Sweet to the pastor in his hand,
And know no will but his.

The subject was embodied in the following stanzas, at the urgent request of a friend, who with her young family was about to leave her native country and set-

tle in a distant part of the globe; but the writer's mind had received the first ineffaceable impression of the similitude and inference, in the year 1832, from the lips of another dear friend, when she was nearly in the last agony, who meekly applied it to herself and her afflictions, which had been long and excruciating, yet borne, in God's furnace and under his eye—

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle, searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by.
When in the molten silver's virgin mass,
He meets his pictured face, as in a glass.
Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure;
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?
Not with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face;
But stamp'd with heaven's broad signet, there
be shown—
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace;
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment—but Eternity!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"LOOK NOT BACK."

FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY WALKER.

It is weak to be scared at difficulties, seeing that they generally diminish as they are approached, and oftentimes even entirely vanish. No man can tell what he can do till he tries. It is impossible to calculate the extent of human powers; it can only be ascertained by experiment. What has been accomplished by parties and by solitary individuals in the torrid and the frozen regions, under circumstances the most difficult and appalling, should teach us that, when we ought to attempt, we should never despair. The reason why men oftener succeed in overcoming uncommon difficulties than ordinary ones, is that in the first case they call into action the whole of their resources, and that in the last they rest upon calculation, and generally upon calculation. Where there is no retreat, and the whole energy is forward, the chances are in favor of success; but a backward look is full of danger. Confident of success, and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them. There is something in resolution which has an influence beyond itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord amongst its slaves, all is prostration where it appears. When bent on good, it is almost the noblest attribute of men; when on evil, the most dangerous. It is by habitual resolution that men succeed to any great extent; impulses are not sufficient. What is done at one moment, is undone the next; one step forward is nothing gained, unless it is followed up. Resolution depends mainly on the state of the digestion, which St. Paul remarkably illustrates, when he says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. I therefore run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beatech the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."

An Irishman being told that the price of bread had fallen, replied promptly, "Well, that is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of a friend."

Learning is wealth to the poor, ornament to the rich.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Hon. ROBERT F. STRANGE has been appointed by the Dialectic Society to deliver the next annual address before the two Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

April 27. 67-

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the firm of HUNTINGTON & LYNCH, are requested to call and settle their respective accounts with the subscriber, as they wish to settle their business as soon as possible.

LEMUEL LYNCH.

May 4. 68-

THE subscriber has on hand a neat assortment of **Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Clocks, Watches, Pistols, &c. &c.**

which will be sold very low.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired with neatness and dispatch.

LEMUEL LYNCH.

May 4. 68-

Strayed or Stolen.

From the subscriber, living in the county of Orange, about twelve miles north of Hillsborough, on the 28th of April last, one sorrel HORSE, about five feet three inches high, white feet behind; Also one bay MARE, with black mane and tail, about four feet six inches high. Any information will be thankfully received. Besides giving simple satisfaction.

YANCY BAILEY.

May 4. 68-3w

The Southern Telescope will give the above three insertions, and forward the account to this office for payment.

N. C. State Lottery.

For the benefit of the Salisbury Academy.
Class No. 8, for 1837,
To be drawn at WASHINGTON, N. C.
on Saturday, 13th May.

75 No. Lottery, 11 Drawn Ballots.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of 10,000 Dollars.
1 Prize of 4,000 do.
1 Prize of 3,000 do.
1 Prize of 2,000 do.
1 Prize of 1,200 do.
10 Prizes of 1,000 do.
20 Prizes of 500 do.
&c. &c.

Whole Tickets, \$4 00
Halves, 2 00
Quarters, 1 00

All prizes payable in CASH, forty days after the drawing, subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent.

Tickets for sale in the greatest variety of numbers, at my Office, one door above the store of Walker Anderson & Co., in Hillsborough, N. C.

ALLEN PARKS, Agent.

DRAWN NUMBERS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE LOTTERY, 5th Class for 1837.
34-65-3-44-63-24-7-64-39-71-30.
April 27. 67-

Selling off at Cost.

THE subscriber, wishing to close his present business, will offer at Cost and Charges, for Cash, his entire Stock of Goods on hand, consisting of a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Shoes and Hats,

AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Broad-

coths, Ladies' Tuscan and

Straw Bonnets, &c.;

all of which will be sold as above, or on a credit to punctual customers at his usual low prices.

He would earnestly request all those indebted to him to call and settle their respective accounts.

STEPHEN MOORE.

April 20. 68-

Forwarding Agency.

THE subscribers inform the Merchants of the interior, that they are engaged in the Forwarding way, and trust that with the facilities and experience they now possess in the transaction of this business, to merit the patronage heretofore conferred.

They have large Ware Houses at the river and in town, for the reception of forwarding Goods, apart from other buildings and comparatively safe from fire.

WILKINGS & BELDEN,

Fayetteville.

Refer to Messrs. AVE & HO LAND, Hillsborough.

April 5. 65-

For Sale,

WINTSEED MIL. Also, a small lot of FA

MILY FLOUR

CASH or GOODS will be given for FLAX

SEED.

O. F. LONG & Co.

March 2. 4n-

SEE HERE!!

FALL AND WINTER

GOODS.

OSMOND P. LONG & CO.

HAVE the pleasure of informing their friends and the public generally, that they have just received a new and now offer for sale, at the old stand of R. Nichols & Co.

A VERY LARGE AND GENERAL

ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Goods.

Their Goods have been selected with great care in the New York and Philadelphia markets, and bought entirely with cash; they therefore feel confident in saying, they can and will sell as good bargains as any other house in the place.

Call and examine our goods, and decide for yourselves; if you like them and our prices, we will thank you for your custom.

Goods will be given in exchange for every description of Country-made Cloth.

O. F. Long & Co. would respectfully tender their thanks to the public for the very liberal patronage they have heretofore received; and hope, by close attention to their business and moderate prices, still to merit and receive a respectable portion of their custom.

October 13. 40-

VALUABLE

Printing Establishment

For Sale.

THE Editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer being anxious to resume the practice of the Law, would dispose of the Establishment to any gentleman, disposed to purchase.

To any such, on application either in person or by letter, full information will be promptly given in reference to the circulation of the paper, its advertising and job patronage, its supply of Type, Presses, Office Furniture, &c. and also as to the terms on which it may be purchased. With a view to the convenience of the public, the Editor will say that the Establishment, and all its appurtenances, will be sold to the attention of any gentleman who has the talents and the means to conduct a newspaper with energy and spirit.

April 27. 67-

Land for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the Tract of Land on which John W. M. Cracker lately resided, containing 230 Acres. It has on it a good Dwelling House, Kitchen, Work Shop, Stables, &c. The plantation is handsomely situated, is well watered, and is as healthy as any situation in the country, is but six miles from Hillsborough, and near the Stage Road. Those disposed to purchase are invited to view the premises. Terms will be made known on application to the subscriber.

JOHN HART.

April 20. 68-5w

FARMER'S HOTEL,

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

THE subscriber having taken that well-known stand in the town of Hillsborough, THE FARMER'S HOTEL, formerly conducted by Mr. Turner, is prepared to entertain Travellers and Boarders; and hopes, by strict attention and the goodness of his accommodation, to be able to give general satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. His charges will be as moderate as any other establishment of the kind in the place.

WILLIAM PIPER.

February 21. 58-

The Raleigh Star and Greensborough Telescope will insert the above three months, and send their accounts to this office for payment.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

February Term, 1837.

Stephen Moore, Justice's Execution levied on

Ellis Creek

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this state: It is ordered by the court, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks, that unless the defendant appears at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for Orange County, on the fourth Monday in May next, and show cause why the land levied on shall not be sold, the said land will be ordered to be sold to satisfy the plaintiff's debt and costs of suit.

J. TAYLOR, c. c.

Price Adv \$3.00. 64-

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

Person County.

In Equity—November Term, 1836.

John G. Wade and others,

vs.

John M. Dick and others.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that James H. Ruffin, one of the defendants in this case, is not an inhabitant of this state: It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for six weeks successively, for the said James H. Ruffin to appear at the next term of this court, to be held for the county of Person, at the court house in Roxborough on the seventh Monday after the fourth Monday in March next, and answer to this petition, otherwise the same will be taken pro confesso as to him, and decree made accordingly.

JOHN BRADSHAW, C. M. E.

Price adv \$3.00. 62-

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

Granville County.

Court of Equity—Spring Term, 1837.

Susan Phillips,

vs.

Nelson Phillips & John P. Lemay.

Bill for Alimony.

It appearing to the Court that the defendant, Nelson Phillips, is not an inhabitant of this state, but resides beyond the jurisdiction of the Court: It is therefore, on motion of the plaintiff's counsel, ordered that publication be made for six successive weeks, in the Raleigh Register, a newspaper printed and published at the seat of government of this state, and also in the Hillsborough Recorder, for the said Nelson Phillips to appear at the Court to be held at the town of Oxford on the first Monday of September next, and plead, answer, or demur to the Plaintiff's Bill, or else the said bill will be taken pro confesso and heard ex parte, as to him.

Witness, Thomas B. Littlejohn, Clerk and Master of said Court, at office the first Monday of March A. D. 1837.

THO. B. LITTLEJOHN, C. M. E.

Price of Adv \$3.50. 64-

LOOK AT THIS!

NEW GOODS

LATIMER & MEBANE,

HAVE just received from New York and Philadelphia, and now offer for sale, the largest and best assortment of

Rich and Fashionable

DRY GOODS

ever offered in this market; amongst which are almost every article of

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

ALSO

Groceries, Hardware,

Queensware, Hats and Shoes,

besides many other articles too tedious to mention. The Goods were principally purchased with cash, and will be sold low for the same.

LATIMER & MEBANE.

Cash will be given for 5000 bushels of Wheat.

September 6. 35-

WALDIE'S OMNIBUS.

Another Work by W. Waldie.

ANECDOTES OF FOREIGN COURTS.

ON Friday, March 18th, will be published in Waldie's Literary Omnibus, a third work by Sir N. W. Waldie, entitled, "Memoirs and Private Anecdotes of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna." This work has never been reprinted in America.

From the London Monthly Review.

"The style is clear and polished, without other ornament than what naturally occurs. We shall only add that they abound throughout with enlightening anecdote, and that the reader's time and attention will be amply repaid, whether his search be for information or amusement."

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March 16. 61-

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February 9. 61-58

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November 3. 43-

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February 2. 55-

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S. F. PATTERSON, President.

Raleigh, Dec 23 1836. 51-

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